

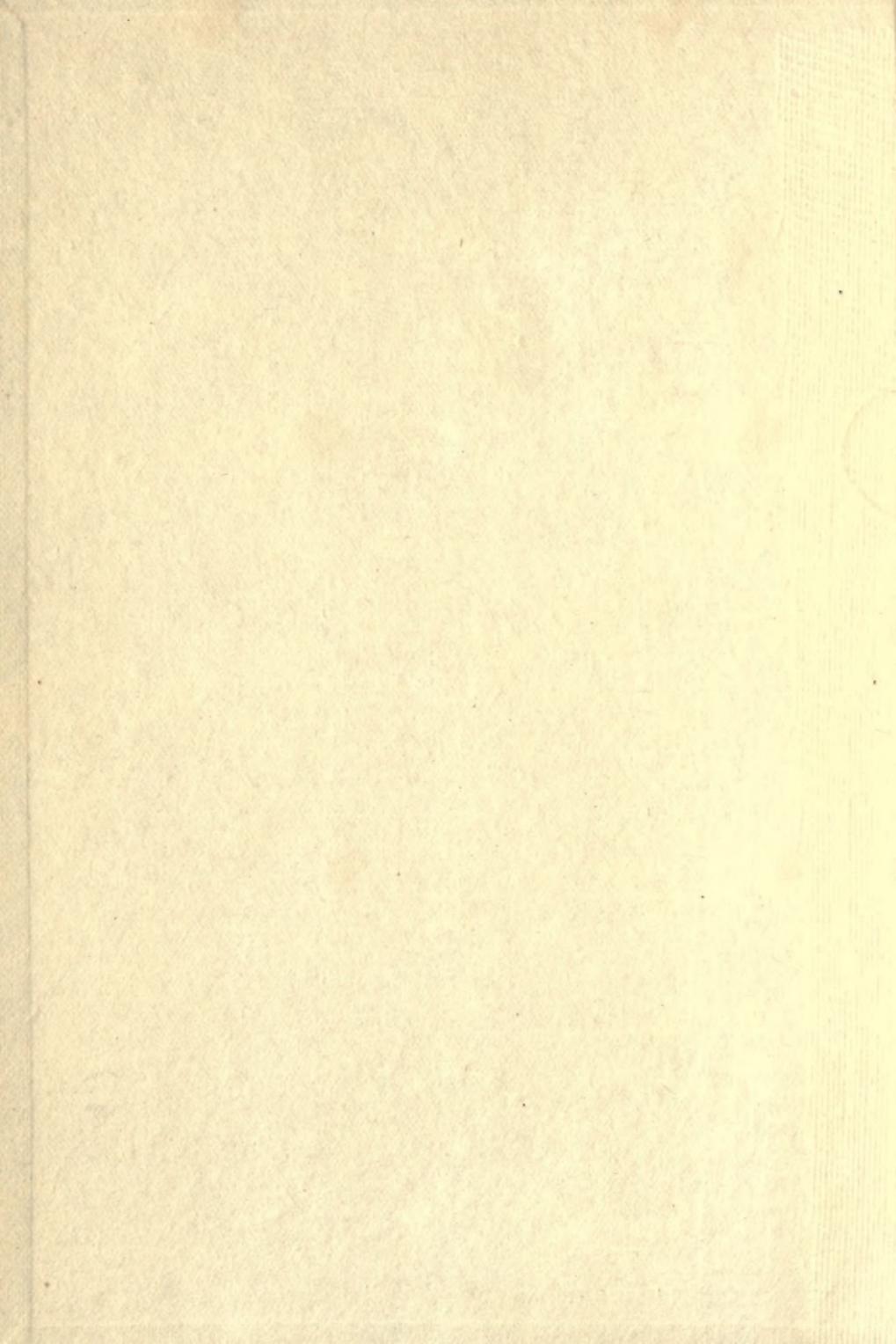
# THE ADVENTURES OF SEUMAS BEG

JAMES STEPHENS

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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**THE ADVENTURES OF SEUMAS BEG  
THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN**



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TORONTO

THE ADVENTURES OF  
SEUMAS BEG  
THE ROCKY ROAD  
TO DUBLIN

BY

JAMES STEPHENS

AUTHOR OF

'THE CHARWOMAN'S DAUGHTER,' 'THE HILL OF VISION,'  
'THE CROCK OF GOLD,' ETC.

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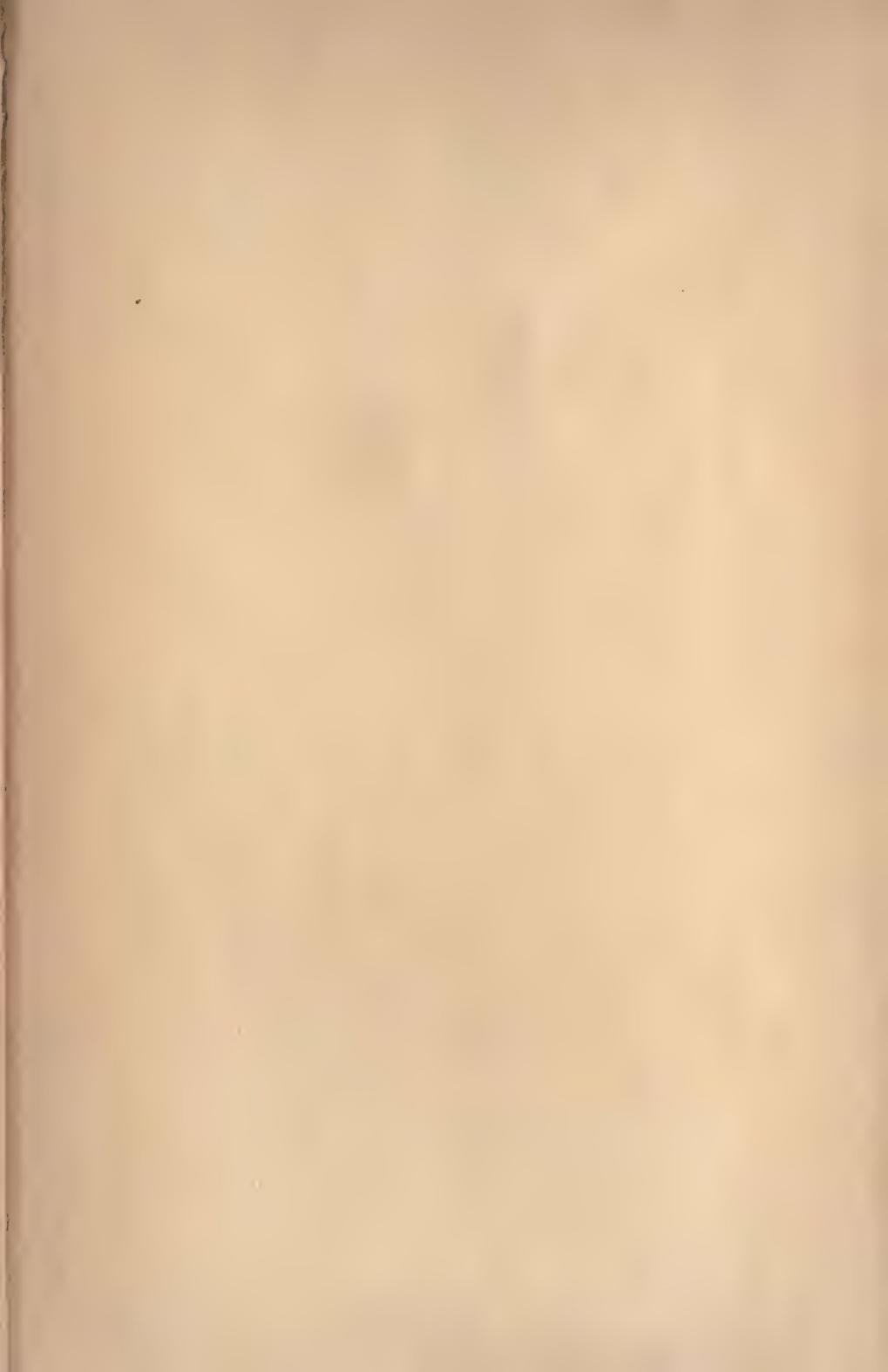
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THE ADVENTURES OF  
SEUMAS BEG



## THE CHERRY TREE

*COME from your bed my drowsy gentleman !*

*And you, fair lady, rise and braid  
your hair,*

*And let the children wash, if wash they  
can ;*

*If not, assist you them, and make  
them fair*

*As is the morning and the morning sky,  
And every tree and bush and bird in  
air.*

*The sun climbed on the heights three  
hours ago,*

*He laughed above the hills and they  
were glad ;*

## THE CHERRY TREE

*With bubbled pearl he made the rivers  
flow  
And laced their mists in silver, and  
he clad  
The meads in fragrant pomp of green  
and gold,  
And bade the world forget it had  
been sad.*

*So lift yourself, good sir ! and you,  
sweet dame,  
Unlash your evening eyes of pious  
grey ;  
Call on the children by each lovèd name,  
And set them on the grass and let  
them play ;  
And play with them a while, and sing  
with them  
Beneath the cherry bush a roundelay.*

## BREAKFAST TIME

THE sun is always in the sky

Whenever I get out of bed,  
And I often wonder why

It's never late.—My sister said  
She did not know who did the trick,  
And that she did not care a bit,  
And I should eat my porridge quick.  
. . . I think it's mother wakens it.

## IN THE ORCHARD

THERE was a giant by the Orchard  
Wall  
Peeping about on this side and on  
that,  
And feeling in the trees : he was as  
tall  
As the big apple tree, and twice as  
fat :  
His beard was long, and bristly-black,  
and there  
Were leaves and bits of grass stuck in  
his hair.

He held a great big club in his right  
hand,  
And with the other felt in every tree

For something that he wanted. You  
could stand  
Beside him and not reach up to his  
knee  
So mighty big he was—I feared he  
would  
Turn round, and trample down to  
where I stood.

I tried to get away, but, as I slid  
Under a bush, he saw me, and he  
bent  
Far down and said, "*Where is the  
Princess hid?*"  
I pointed to a place, and off he  
went—  
But while he searched I turned and  
simply flew  
Round by the lilac bushes back to you.

## DAY AND NIGHT

WHEN the bright eyes of the day  
    Open on the dusk, to see  
Mist and shadow fade away  
    And the sun shine merrily,  
Then I leave my bed and run  
    Out to frolic in the sun.

Through the sunny hours I play  
    Where the stream is wandering,  
Plucking daisies by the way ;  
    And I laugh and dance and sing,  
While the birds fly here and there  
    Singing on the sunny air.

When the night comes, cold and slow,  
    And the sad moon walks the sky,

When the whispering wind says "*Boh,*  
*Little boy !*" and makes me cry,  
By my mother I am led  
Home again and put to bed.

## THE DEVIL'S BAG

I SAW the Devil walking down the lane  
Behind our house.—There was a heavy  
    bag  
Strapped tightly on his shoulders, and  
    the rain  
Sizzled when it hit him. He picked  
    a rag  
Up from the ground and put it in his  
    sack,  
And grinned and rubbed his hands.  
    There was a thing  
Moving inside the bag upon his back—  
It must have been a soul ! I saw it  
    fling  
And twist about inside, and not a  
    hole

THE DEVIL'S BAG      11

Or cranny for escape !   Oh, it was  
sad !

I cried, and shouted out, “*Let out  
that soul !*”

But he turned round, and, sure, his  
face went mad,

And twisted up and down, and he  
said “*Hell !*”

And ran away. . . . Oh, mammy !  
I'm not well.

## A VISIT FROM ABROAD

A SPECK went blowing up against the  
sky  
As little as a leaf : then it drew  
near  
And broadened.—“It’s a bird,” said I,  
And fetched my bow and arrows.  
It was queer !  
It grew up from a speck into a blot,  
And squattered past a cloud ; then  
it flew down  
All crumpled, and waggled such a lot  
I thought the thing would fall.—It  
was a brown  
Old carpet where a man was sitting  
snug  
Who, when he reached the ground,  
began to sew

A VISIT FROM ABROAD 13

A big hole in the middle of the rug,  
And kept on peeping everywhere  
to know  
Who might be coming—then he gave  
a twist  
And flew away. . . . I fired at him  
but missed.

## THE WOOD OF FLOWERS

I WENT to the Wood of Flowers  
(No one was with me);  
I was there alone for hours.  
    I was happy as could be  
In the Wood of Flowers.

There was grass on the ground,  
    There were buds on the tree,  
And the wind had a sound  
    Of such gaiety,  
That I was as happy  
    As happy could be,  
In the Wood of Flowers.

## THE WHITE WINDOW

THE moon comes every night to peep  
Through the window where I lie,  
And I pretend to be asleep ;  
But I watch the moon as it goes by,  
And it never makes a sound.

It stands and stares, and then it goes  
To the house that's next to me,  
Stealing on its tippy-toes,  
To peep at folk asleep maybe ;  
And it never makes a sound.

## MIDNIGHT

AND then I wakened up in such a fright ;  
I thought I heard a movement in  
the room  
But did not dare to look ; I snuggled  
right  
Down underneath the bedclothes—  
then the boom  
Of a tremendous voice said, “ *Sit up,*  
*lad,*  
*And let me see your face.*” So up  
I sat,  
Although I didn’t want to. I was  
glad  
I did though, for it was an angel  
that

Had called me, and he said, he'd come  
to know

Was I the boy who wouldn't say  
his prayers

Nor do his sums, and that I'd have  
to go

Straight down to hell because of  
such affairs.

. . . I said I'd be converted and do  
good

If he would let me off—he said he  
would.

## BEHIND THE HILL

BEHIND the hill I met a man in green  
Who asked me if my mother had  
gone out ?  
I said she had. He asked me had I  
seen  
His castle where the people sing  
and shout  
From dawn to dark, and told me that  
he had  
A crock of gold inside a hollow tree,  
And I could have it.—I wanted money  
bad  
To buy a sword with, and I thought  
that he  
Would keep his solemn word ; so, off  
we went.

## BEHIND THE HILL      19

He said he had a pound hid in the  
crock,  
And owned the castle too, and paid  
no rent  
To any one, and that you had to  
knock  
Five hundred times. I asked, "*Who  
reckoned up?*"  
And he said, "*You insulting little  
pup!*"

## THE SECRET

I was frightened, for a wind  
Crept along the grass to say  
Something that was in my mind  
Yesterday—

Something that I did not know  
Could be found out by the wind,  
I had buried it so low  
In my mind.

## APRIL SHOWERS

THE leaves are fresh after the rain,  
The air is cool and clear,  
The sun is shining warm again,  
The sparrows hopping in the lane  
Are brisk and full of cheer.

And that is why we dance and play,  
And that is why we sing,  
Calling out in voices gay,  
We will not go to school to-day  
Or learn anything :

It is a happy thing, I say,  
To be alive on such a day.

## THE TURN OF THE ROAD

I was playing with my hoop along  
the road  
Just where the bushes are, when,  
suddenly,  
There came a shout.—I ran away and  
stowed  
Myself beneath a bush, and watched  
to see  
What made the noise, and then,  
around the bend,  
I saw a woman running. She was  
old  
And wrinkle-faced, and had big teeth.  
—The end  
Of her red shawl caught on a bush  
and rolled

Right off her, and her hair fell down.—

Her face

Was awful white, and both her  
eyes looked sick,

And she was talking queer. “*O God  
of Grace!*”

Said she, “*where is the child?*”  
and flew back quick

The way she came, and screamed, and  
shook her hands ;

. . . Maybe she was a witch from  
foreign lands.

## THE CORAL ISLAND

HIS arms were round a chest of oaken  
wood,  
It was clamped with brass and iron  
studs, and seemed  
An awful weight. After a while he  
stood  
And I stole near to him.—His white  
eyes gleamed  
As he peeped secretly about ; he laid  
The oaken chest upon the ground,  
then drew  
A great knife from his belt, and stuck  
the blade  
Into the ground and dug. The  
clay soon flew  
In all directions underneath a tree,

And when the hole was deep he  
put the box  
Down there, and threw the clay back  
cunningly,  
Stamping the ground quite flat ;  
then like a fox  
He crept among the trees. . . . I went  
next day  
To dig the treasure up, but I lost my  
way.

## THE COW

Cow, Cow !  
I and thou  
Are looking at each other's eyes :  
You are lying on the grass  
Eating every time I pass,  
And you do not seem to be  
Ever in perplexity :  
You are good I'm sure, and not  
Fit for nothing but the pot :  
For your bearing is so kind,  
And your quietness so wise :  
Cow, Cow !  
I and thou  
Are looking at each other's eyes.

## THE OLD MAN

AN old man sat beneath a tree  
    Alone ;  
So still was he  
    That, if he had been carved in stone,  
He could not be  
    More quiet or more cold :  
He was an ancient man  
    More than  
A thousand ages old.

## WHAT THE SNAKE SAW

A LITTLE girl and a big ugly man  
Went down the road. The girl  
was crying  
And asking to go home, but when she  
ran  
He hit her on the head and sent  
her flying,  
And called her a young imp, and said  
he'd break  
Her neck unless she went with him,  
and then  
He smacked her on the cheek.—I was  
a snake  
At that time crawling through a  
robber's den,

## WHAT THE SNAKE SAW 29

And diamonds were sticking to my  
tongue—

(That's the best dodge), but when  
I saw the way

He beat the little girl I up and flung  
A stone at him. My aim was  
bad that day

Because I hit the girl . . . and she  
did sing !

But he jumped round and cursed like  
anything.

## THE HORSE

A SPARROW hopped about the street,  
And he was not a bit afraid ;  
He flew between a horse's feet,  
And ate his supper undismayed :  
I think myself the horse knew well  
The bird came for the grains that fell.

For his eye was looking down,  
And he danced the corn about  
In his nose-bag, till the brown  
Grains of corn were tumbled out ;  
And I fancy that he said,  
“ Eat it up, young Speckle-Head ! ”

The driver then came back again,  
He climbed into the heavy dray ;

And he tightened up the rein,  
Cracked his whip and drove away.  
But when the horse's ribs were hit,  
The sparrow did not care a bit.

## THE APPLE TREE

I WAS hiding in the crooked apple tree,  
Scouting for Indians, when a man  
came ;  
thought it was an Indian, for he  
Was running like the wind.—There  
was a flame  
Of sunlight on his hand as he drew  
near,  
And then I saw a knife gripped in  
his fist.  
He panted like a horse ; his eyes were  
queer,  
Wide-open, staring frightfully, and,  
hist !  
His mouth stared open like another  
eye,

And all his hair was matted down  
with sweat.

I crouched among the leaves for fear  
he'd spy

Where I was hiding, so he did not  
get

His awful eyes on me, but like the  
wind

He fled as if he heard something  
behind.

## THE APPOINTMENT

TREE ! you are years standing there,  
Gripping tight to the side of the hill,  
And your branches are spread on the  
air,  
While you stand so sad and so still,  
And you do not complain  
When you're wet with the rain,  
Though I think you have often  
been ill.

I would like (but it could not be done,  
So you must not keep me to my  
word)  
To take you away when the sun  
Goes down, and the breezes are  
stirred,

And hug you in bed  
With myself, till you said  
That to sleep on a hill was absurd.

O beautiful tree ! when the night  
Is dark, and the winds come and  
scold,  
I would love then to cuddle you tight,  
For I fear you will die of the  
cold ;  
But you are so tall,  
And my bed is so small,  
That it could not be done, I am  
told.

My mother is calling for me,  
And the baby is wanting to play,  
I shall have to go home now, you  
see,  
But I'll give you a kiss if I may :  
I would stay if I could,  
But a child must be good,  
So I must, darling tree, go away.

I will leave you my pencil and slate,  
And this little pin from my frock ;  
But now I must go, for it's late,  
And my mother is rattling the lock :  
So good-bye, darling dear,  
I'll come back, never fear,  
In the morning at seven o'clock.

## CHECK

THE night was creeping on the ground ;  
She crept and did not make a sound  
Until she reached the tree, and then  
She covered it, and stole again  
Along the grass beside the wall.

I heard the rustle of her shawl  
As she threw blackness everywhere  
Upon the sky and ground and air,  
And in the room where I was hid :  
But no matter what she did  
To everything that was without,  
She could not put my candle out.

So I stared at the night, and she  
Stared back solemnly at me.

## WHEN I WAS YOUNG

I WILL not know when I am dead  
If sun or moon is overhead ;  
I'll stretch out flat without a sound  
Inside a box beneath the ground,  
And never rise again to see  
Branches lifting on a tree,  
Nor hear the song the finches sing  
In the spring.

I'll not, while sunny ages go,  
Lift a hand or wag a toe ;  
But in a wooden box will be  
Hidden for eternity  
From sea and sun, from sight and  
sound,  
From touch of people, voice of friend,

**WHEN I WAS YOUNG      39**

From all that makes my heart to  
bound,  
Denying such an end :  
It is so strange—I wonder why  
People die !



THE ROCKY ROAD TO  
DUBLIN



## THE PATRIOT'S BED

WHEN a son you shall desire,  
Pray to water and to fire ;  
But when you would have a daughter,  
Pray to fire and then to water.

## GRAFTON STREET

At four o'clock, in dainty talk,  
Lords and lovely ladies walk,  
With a gentle dignity,  
From the Green to Trinity.

And at five o'clock they take,  
In a Café, tea and cake,  
Then they call a carriage, and  
Drive back into fairyland.

## PORTOBELLO BRIDGE

SILVER stars shine peacefully,  
The Canal is silver, the  
Poplars bear with modest grace  
Gossamers of silver lace,  
And the turf bank wears with glee  
Black and silver filigree.

## YORK STREET

If in winter you shall drive  
Birds from crumbs, you shall not  
thrive;  
But if you feed them, they will fly  
To sing it sweetly on the sky.

So throw up the window, and  
Scatter with a lavish hand,  
Taking care you do not spill  
Flower-pots from the window-sill,

Singing, “Ireland shall be free  
From the centre to the sea”;  
Singing bravely once again,  
“We are Dan O’Connell’s Men.”

## THE FIFTEEN ACRES

I CLING and swing  
On a branch, or sing  
Through the cool, clear hush of  
Morning, O :  
Or fling my wing  
On the air, and bring  
To sleepier birds a warning, O :  
That the night's in flight,  
And the sun's in sight,  
And the dew is the grass adorning, O :  
And the green leaves swing  
As I sing, sing, sing,  
Up by the river,  
Down the dell,  
To the little wee nest,  
Where the big tree fell,  
So early in the morning, O.

48 THE FIFTEEN ACRES

I flit and twit  
In the sun for a bit  
When his light so bright is shining, O :  
Or sit and fit  
My plumes, or knit  
Straw plaits for the nest's nice lining, O :  
And she with glee  
Shows unto me  
Underneath her wings reclining, O :  
And I sing that Peg  
Has an egg, egg, egg,  
Up by the oat-field,  
Round the mill,  
Past the meadow,  
Down the hill,  
So early in the morning, O.

I stoop and swoop  
On the air, or loop  
Through the trees, and then go soaring, O :  
To group with a troop  
On the gusty poop  
While the wind behind is roaring, O :

I skim and swim  
By a cloud's red rim  
And up to the azure flooring, O :  
And my wide wings drip  
As I slip, slip, slip  
Down through the rain-drops,  
Back where Peg  
Broods in the nest  
On the little white egg,  
So early in the morning, O.

## COLLEGE GREEN

WHEN you meet an ancient man,  
Be as silent as you can ;  
So when old age comes to you,  
Courtesies shall gather too.

And King Billy's horse will start  
From our street and from our heart,  
When each Irishman shall be  
Perfected in courtesy.

## MOUNT STREET

HERE and there on the wings of night  
A fleck of blue and purple light,  
A scrap of cloud, a bird, a star,  
A comet hurrying afar  
On the abyss, and the moon  
Standing in her silver shoon.

On the summit of the sky,  
Delicate and proud and high,  
The silver moon on a silver sea  
Spins her silver broidery  
While the stars send down a light  
Here and there on the wings of night.

## WESTLAND ROW

EVERY Sunday there's a throng  
Of pretty girls, who trot along  
In a pious, breathless state  
(They are nearly always late)  
To the Chapel, where they pray  
For the sins of Saturday.

They have frocks of white and blue,  
Yellow sashes they have too,  
And red ribbons show each head  
Tenderly is ringleted ;  
And the bell rings loud, and the  
Railway whistles urgently.

After Chapel they will go,  
Walking delicately slow,

Telling still how Father John  
Is so good to look upon,  
And such other grave affairs  
As they thought of during prayers.

## THE COLLEGE OF SCIENCE

WHO knows a thing and will not tell  
Shall spend eternity in hell ;  
But he who learns and teaches free  
In heaven spends eternity.

Around the Leinster Lawn we go  
Into Molesworth Street, and so  
To Saint Stephen's Green, where we  
Hang a banner on a tree.

## THE CANAL BANK

I KNOW a girl,  
And a girl knows me,  
    And the owl says, what ?  
    And the owl says, who ?  
But what we know  
    We both agree  
That nobody else  
    Shall hear or see,  
It's all between  
    Herself and me :  
    To wit ? said the owl,  
    To woo, said I,  
To-what, to-wit, to-woo !

BY ANA LIFFEY

If you come to live with me,  
I will sing so heartily  
In your honour that you will  
Stay to wonder at my skill.

In your honour I will fill  
The world with songs of triumph, till  
You and I and Time are old  
Pipers of the Age of Gold.

Time and you and I will hold,  
Everywhere by field and fold,  
Concerts of content, and be  
Known afar for jollity.

Everywhere by fold and field  
We will wander well-agreed ;  
So I sing right heartily,  
Come along and live with me.

## FROM HAWK AND KITE

Poor frightened, fluttered, silent one !  
If we had seen your nest of clay  
We would have passed it by, and gone,  
Nor frightened you away.

For there are others guard a nest  
From hawk and kite and lurking foe,  
And more despair is in their breast  
Than you can ever know.

Shield the nests where'er they be,  
On the ground or on the tree ;  
Guard the poor from treachery.

## THE GOMBEEN-MAN

I PUT the sky into my pocket,  
And the sea into my locket,  
And into my breeches-band  
I put the land.

So I was trotting off to share,  
Among my comrades in the lair,  
Our profits, when a peeler came  
And took my name.

And now I'm in the County Gaol !  
Will anybody be my bail ?  
Will anybody be my bail  
And take me from the County Gaol ?

## BERESFORD PLACE

THE man who has and does not give  
Shall break his neck, and cease to  
live ;  
But he who gives without a care  
Shall gather rubies from the air.

## AT THE FAIR

THE lark shall never come to say  
To a gombeen-man, " Good day,"  
And the lark shall never cry  
To a kindly man, " Good-bye."

See the greedy gombeen-man  
Taking everything he can  
From man and woman, dog and  
cat—  
And the lark does not like that.

## THE FUR COAT

I WALKED out in my Coat of Pride,  
I looked about on every side,  
And said the mountains should not be  
Just where they were, and that the  
sea

Was badly placed, and that the beech  
Should be an oak—and then from  
each

I turned in dignity as if  
They were not there: I sniffed a  
sniff,  
And climbed upon my sunny shelf,  
And sneezed a while, and scratched  
myself.

## DUBLIN MEN

A DUBLIN man will frown when he  
Hears a tale of villainy ;  
But when a kindness you relate,  
He swings and whistles on the gate.

## O'CONNELL BRIDGE

IN Dublin town the people see  
Gorgeous clouds sail gorgeously,  
They are finer, I declare,  
Than the clouds of anywhere.

A swirl of blue and red and green,  
A stream of blinding gold, a sheen  
From silver hill and pearly ridge  
Comes each evening on the bridge.

So when you walk in a field, look down,  
Lest you tramp on a daisy's crown,  
But in a city look always high  
And watch the beautiful clouds go by.

## CHARLOTTE STREET

INSIDE a soap shop, down a lane,  
A big bee buzzed on a window-pane,

Climbing the cold glass up and down ;  
Bee, what brought you into town ?

You are tired and hungry and scarce  
alive,

Poor old Shaggy-Tail ! where's your  
hive ?

## GEORGE'S STREET

LISTEN ! if but women were  
Half as kind as they are fair,  
There would be an end to all  
Miseries that do befall.

Cloud and wind would run together  
In a dance of sunny weather,  
And the happy trees would throw  
Gifts to travellers below.

Then the lion, meek and mild,  
With the lamb would, side by side,  
Couch him friendly, and would be  
Innocent of enmity.

Then the Frozen Pole would go,  
Tossing off his fields of snow,  
And would shake delighted feet  
With the girls of George's Street.

These, if women only were  
Half as kind as they are fair.

## HOLLES STREET

THROUGH the air,  
Everywhere, the rain is falling ;  
Brawling on house and tree :  
On every place that you can see  
The rain drops go ;  
The roofs are wet, the walls, the ground  
below.

Midnight has come ;  
Now all the people stretch them blind  
and dumb  
Each in a bed  
Save I, who sit and listen overhead  
Unto the rain  
Splashing upon the roof and window-  
pane.

Midnight ! and I  
Can get no sleep, nor can the sky.

## KATTY GOLLAGHER

THE hill is bare : I only find  
The grass, the sky, and one small tree  
Tossing wildly on the wind ;  
And that is all there is to see :  
A tree, a hill, a wind, a sky  
Where nothing ever passes by.

## CORK HILL

COME all ye happy children, and  
Gather round me hand in hand,  
Dancing to the merry cry,  
“ See the Robbers Passing By.”

Past the Castle we will dance  
To the Mansion House, and prance  
Back by George’s Street and cry,  
“ See the Robbers Passing By.”

Gather then ye children all  
Into ranks processional,  
Marching to the merry cry,  
“ See the Robbers Passing By.”

## THE PIPER

SHEPHERD ! while the lambs do feed,  
And you rest beneath a tree,  
Pipe upon an oaten reed  
Merrily and merrily.

Should it rain do not forbear—  
Rain comes from the happy sky—  
Tune us now a quiet air  
Till the shower passes by.

Back the sun will come in gold !  
Pipe away, my dear, until  
Evening brings the lambs to fold—  
You may weep then if you will.

## THE SHADOW

SILENCE comes upon the night,  
Gone is all the cheerful day,  
The moon has disappeared from sight,  
Every star has gone away.

Sinking through the void, and thence  
Disappearing, star and sky,  
In the stern and black immense  
That has blinded every eye.

Silence crouches on the land,  
In the street a shadow lies  
Cloaked in velvet wrappings; and  
With a mask upon her eyes.

Anonymous and terrible  
Mother of the primal ray,  
Only night because thou art  
In thyself excess of day.

## CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY

WHEN a Dublin man shall say,  
“Give me a little bread, I pray,”  
If you do not give him bread  
You will be hungry when he is fed.

And let no priest or magistrate  
Scowl upon the poor man’s plate,  
Asking him the question sly  
To which no one can reply.

## STEPHEN'S GREEN

THE wind stood up and gave a shout ;  
He whistled on his fingers, and  
Kicked the withered leaves about  
And thumped the branches with  
his hand,  
And said he'd kill, and kill, and kill,  
And so he will, and so he will.

## THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS

As I stood at the door  
Sheltered out of the wind,  
Something flew in  
Which I hardly could find.

In the dim, gloomy doorway  
I searched till I found  
A dry withered leaf  
Lying down on the ground.

With thin, pointed claws  
And a dry dusty skin,—  
Sure a hall is no place  
For a leaf to be in !

'COLLEGE OF SURGEONS 77

Oh where is your tree,  
And your summer and all,  
Poor dusty leaf  
Whistled into a hall ?

## MERRION SQUARE

GREY clouds on the tinted sky,  
A drifting moon, a quiet breeze  
Drooping mournfully to cry  
In the branches of the trees.

The crying wind, the sighing trees,  
The ruffled stars, the darkness falling  
Down the sky, and on the breeze  
A belated linnet calling.

## THE BARE TREES

UNFORTUNATES, on the bare tree !  
I mourn for ye  
That have no place to house,  
But on those winter-white cold boughs  
    To sit,  
        (How far apart ye sit)  
And brood  
In this wide, wintry solitude  
    That has no song at all to hearten it.

Fly away, little birds !  
    Fly away to Spain,  
Stay there all the winter  
    Then come back again ;  
Come back in the summer  
    When the leaves are thick ;  
Little weeny cold birds  
    Fly away quick.

## DUNPHY'S CORNER

PACING slowly down the road  
Black horses go, with load on load  
Of Dublin people dead, and they  
Will be covered up in clay.

Ere their friends go home, each man  
Will shake his head, and drain a can  
To Dublin people we will meet  
Not again in Grafton Street.

## THE DODDER BANK

WHEN no flower is nigh, you might  
Spy a weed with deep delight ;  
So, when far from saints and bliss,  
God might give a sin a kiss.

## WHITE FIELDS

IN the winter children go  
Walking in the fields of snow  
Where there is no grass at all,  
And the top of every wall,  
Every fence, and every tree  
Is as white as white can be.

Pointing out the way they came,  
(Every one of them the same)  
All across the fields there be  
Prints in silver filigree ;  
And their mothers find them so  
By the footprints in the snow.

## THE PAPS OF DANA

THE mountains stand and stare  
around,

They are far too proud to speak ;  
Altho' they're rooted in the ground,  
Up they go, peak after peak,  
Beyond the tallest tree, and still  
Soaring over house and hill  
Until you'd think they'd never stop  
Going up, top over top,  
Into the clouds—

Still I mark  
That a sparrow or a lark  
Flying just as high, can sing  
As if he'd not done anything.

I think the mountains ought to be  
Taught a little modesty.

## DONNELLY'S ORCHARD

HE who locks a gate doth close  
Pity's heart against his woes ;  
But who opens one shall find  
God is standing just behind.

## DONNYBROOK

I saw the moon so broad and bright  
Sailing high on a frosty night :

And the air swung far and far between  
The silver disc and the orb of green :

While here and there a wisp of white  
Cloud-film swam on the misty light :

And crusted thickly on the sky,  
High and higher and yet more high,

Were golden star-points dusted  
through  
The great, wide, silent vault of blue :

Then I said to me—God is good  
And the world is fair—and where I  
stood

I knelt me down and bent my head,  
And said my prayers, and went to bed.

THE END



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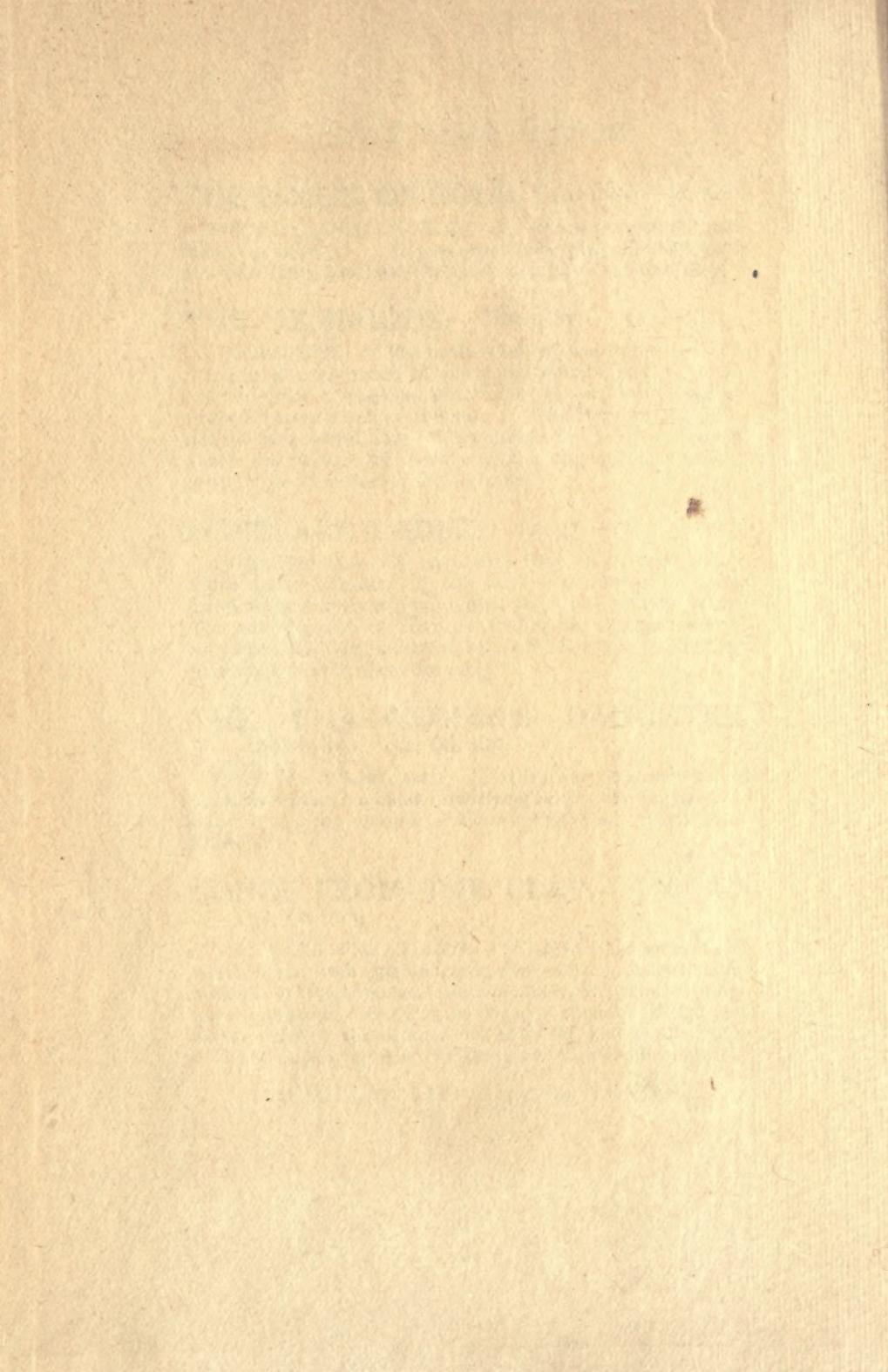
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